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The Odd-Job Patriot.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.



MARILOU LOYD was busily mending the toe of one twin's stocking and wondering whether she had yarn enough to bridge the yawning crevasse in the other twin's heel when Isobel Sales darted in. Isobel was small and vivid, and her restless way of flitting from place to place, never tarrying long, made one think of a humming-bird. But for energy and successful effort Isobel was more like a queen bee.

"I can spare just one-sixtieth of an hour," she announced, alighting on the arm of a big chair. "I simply had to show you my pin, since you couldn't be at the meeting and see me, all blushes, receiving it."

She threw back her sweater and in eloquent silence displayed a significant little badge. Marilou had to examine and admire with hands and eyes the enameled red, white, and blue pin which bore the Girl Scout emblem, motto, and the wonderful words, "War Service."

"I'm the proudest thing!" Isobel beamed, while Marilou's eyes sparkled, then looked a trifle wistful.

"Why," Marilou said softly, "I'd rather have one of those pins, Isobel, than a diamond brooch! Do you sleep in it?"

Mrs. Loyd reached the doorway just in time to hear her daughter's fervent exclamation. "What is it?" she demanded, greeting Isobel cordially. "Show me this treasure that eclipses even diamonds."

Isobel obliged, explaining, "You see, a Girl Scout must be credited with three points,—there's a good long list of tasks to choose from,—Red Cross work, food production or conservation, which means gardening, canning, and such kinds of busy-ness. Then there's the Thrift side of war service, such as securing subscriptions for the Liberty Bonds or War Stamps. Oh, there are plenty of ways for girls to win War Service badges!"

"Tell mother how you earned yours," urged Marilou, adding, "Just think, mother, Isobel has the very first in our troop!"

Isobel had risen and stood poised for flight. "I didn't do a thing the other girls are not doing," she vowed modestly. "I learned to knit before the war made knitting a patriotic duty. I have a grandma in New England, and," with a reminiscent giggle, "she had me for a whole year! Thus, I had some accomplishments thrust

upon me. I learned to can, cook, and knit. It was a bore then," she confessed ruefully, "but lately I have grown to appreciate grandma's wisdom."

A clock tinkled five, and Isobel exclaimed in dismay, "There! I always overstay my time here." Halfway out she called back, "I just knitted, canned, and sold Liberty Bonds, that's all!"

Marilou soberly continued her mending, and having finally created a heel over a hole, went to the kitchen to prepare the vegetables for supper. There was no man in the Loyd household, since Big Brother Jack had gone away to Officers' Training Camp. And now he was in the very thick of the terrible business that had become America's, in preserving world liberty. Many were the anxious hours spent by the Loyds, mother, daughter, and "gramma," as they awaited the precious messages from their soldier, Lieutenant Jack.

Marilou's thoughts were not on the potatoes she pared, nor the barley biscuits she deftly mixed that evening. She was envying her brother his big chance, right at the front of world affairs; she thought proudly of her favorite uncle, now a surgeon in a hospital near Soissons. Then there was capable cousin Gertrude who had sacrificed a high-school position to go overseas for canteen service.

"They're real patriots," sighed Marilou, "doing real things, while I am too busy doing little odd jobs to accomplish anything worth while."

Just then grandma's bell tinkled and Marilou hastened upstairs to attend to the semi-invalid's wants.

Mother Loyd was a practical, busy woman, and a born leader. Besides being at the head of the local Red Cross, she was a champion in gardening and food conserving. She had raised enough in the garden to supply her own family with vegetables all winter, besides having quantities to sell. She appreciated fully that her quiet, blue-eyed daughter was her chief prop in these troubled times.

"She is my aide-de-kitchen," she told a friend, "and can cook better than I can. The twins adore her and would simply wear her out if I did not call a halt in time. Her grandma frankly says that Marilou can fix her favorite dishes or read the news to her better than anybody. Yes,

my little daughter is indispensable, especially now that Jack is so far from us."

Supper over, Marilou put away the dishes, aided uncertainly, but noisily, by Frank and Florrie. "'Cause if we help we get a story apiece, and maybe one extra for not bustin' anything," Florrie told grandma.

"One apiece is enough," decided grandma, "because Marilou and I are to have a knitting bee to-night after you twins are dreaming and mother has gone to the lecture."

"I mean to save up my pennies and buy Marilou a pretty red, white, and blue pin like Isobel's," Frank was confiding to his mother just then.

"But you can't buy that kind of a pin, sonny," his mother assured him. "It is an honor badge and Marilou must earn it. And the poor girl is too busy with home helping for anything else," she thought to herself. A sudden idea flashed into her mind, as bright as a bluebird's wing. Frank wondered why his mother looked so smiley as she hurried away.

Just outside her gate Mrs. Loyd met Miss Traylor, the beloved Captain of Marilou's troop. There ensued a very interesting and illuminating conversation, which seemed to please Mrs. Loyd greatly. She received some information (and later some other things) necessary to her rapidly developing plot.

For several Saturdays Marilou had rendered a neighbor a willing service by caring for the baby, an adorable kewpie named Tommy. This Saturday, when Marilou appeared, a twin clinging to either hand, Mrs. Waite's face brightened.

"It's too much to ask of you, dear," she told the bright-faced girl, "though Tommy is happier with you three than with any one on earth. You have been such a help all spring, it seems an imposition to leave him on your hands another time. Now if you'd only let me pay you—I'd have to give anybody else at least a quarter an hour!"

Marilou waved aside the money question lightly. "It's a treat to care for Tommy," she assured the baby's mother. "He never cries, and besides, it's the twins who amuse him. No," she corrected, nodding toward the cooing baby, who was entirely surrounded by twins, "it's the other way round, you see! Tommy really entertains the twins. I expect to finish this sweater to-day while you work at the gauze rooms. I have to spirit the twins away anyway, so mother can make her report."

"If only there were more at home like you, Marilou," declared Mrs. Waite, pinning on her hat and kissing her gleeful son. "I'd borrow one and forget to return her!"

"How many times have you kept Tommy?" was the astonishing question

Mrs. Loyd asked when Marilou and her two charges ran home that afternoon.

Marilou looked surprised. "Why, I don't know, mother. It was all right to go, wasn't it?" anxiously.

"Mercy, yes," her mother cried gaily. "Weren't you looking after my hopefuls as well? Really, the house was so strangely peaceful I was tempted to doze, like grandma and the cat. He was curled up on grandma's lap and she jumped and dropped him when the twins came frolicking in. But I have a curiosity to know how many Saturdays you've kept Tommy Tip-Toes."

"I remember now," Marilou admitted slowly. "The first Saturday I kept him was that awful day we had Jack's cable. Seven weeks ago, I think."

Mrs. Loyd nodded, with unseeing eyes. She could never forget the date on which her boy, anxious to save his dear ones worry, had cabled, "Not badly hurt." They had not known that he was injured until then. Later came a letter making light of "mere gas and shell shock" when his colonel was killed instantly and many of Jack's gallant comrades fell, or were wounded severely. "We went over the top in a withering machine-gun fire," he explained. "I'll never be in a hotter place, so never worry about me again, mother."

Grandma showed a surprising interest in just how much wool Marilou had used in her knitting. Marilou had done her knitting at odd moments, when she sat with grandma to keep her company, or as pick-up work when she ran in for rare visits with the girls.

Grandma seemed to extract satisfaction from Marilou's puzzled reply, for she changed the subject immediately to moths, and never mentioned wool again. That was the day Marilou ran down to the basement to her trunk and found her mother busily counting jars on the fruit-room shelves.

"I wanted to see whether we had plenty of succotash and other home-made goodies to spare some for the Y. M. C. A. sale," Mrs. Loyd told her interested daughter; but she looked as guilty as if she had been caught stealing jam.

The busy days flew by like a swarm of bees, and Jack wrote to say he was perfectly fit and "spoiling for another chance to fight. You know we have the Hun on the run, folks, and I always was a good sprinter."

Marilou had managed to earn two War Savings Stamps with money from her spring egg-and-chicken experiment. Indeed, she was fast becoming what the twins called "such a good hen-nist" that she could not take care of all the orders she received.

Isobel came flitting by one bright afternoon and surprised Marilou out with her flock of tame snow-white chickens. "And I don't know the first thing about making hens happy!" cried Isobel, in mock dismay. "Are those Plymouth Rocks or Colorado Boulders? I just dropped in, fair poulter-ess, to bid you attend an extra meeting of the troop at the Captain's tonight. Be there at eight, if you can get the biddies to bed!"

As usual Isobel was in haste, and already on the wing, but she called back mysteriously, "It's a surprise affair!"

Marilou wondered about it as she did

her daily chores. "I know what it is," she decided later as she told her mother about it. "Mabel Hurst is moving to California, and it must be a farewell for her. Don't you suppose?"

"Um-m," said Mrs. Loyd, hastily exploring the oven to test a delicious Brown Betty.

Marilou always looked forward eagerly to the Scout meetings and this one began auspiciously with every girl present at roll call. The Captain then talked briefly but earnestly about the further plans for war work they were to do as a troop. She said some very pleasant things about the member who was about to leave them for her new home in the far West, and then—came the surprise.

"I have another duty to perform tonight," Miss Traylor said smilingly, "a particularly delightful one to me. I have been proud and glad to find in our number a girl so intent on doing her daily best that never once has the thought of reward entered her head." The girls listened breathlessly and Isobel was so excited she felt she must explode into sound soon.

The Captain then held up a War Service badge like the one worn by Isobel and coveted by the others. "This honor is given to those patriots among us who have achieved three points at least in special war work. This pin has been more than won by our dear Marilou Loyd!"

Marilou exclaimed, choked, and her heart pounded madly. With scarlet cheeks she sprang to her feet amid the wild cheers of her friends. "It must be a mistake!" she said, trembling, her hands clasped tightly, "I haven't done enough to win that! Why, I've never had time to do a thing but odd jobs. I never even kept account—a time card or anything."

"But your mother did." The Captain smiled and leaning over pinned the beautiful symbol of service to Marilou's blouse. "And your grandma and the twins all helped and kept the secret," she added to the delight of the audience.

"Just to reassure Marilou and inspire the rest, I read from the list of points won unconsciously by our busy Scout," Miss Traylor went on.

"First, Marilou has knitted two pounds of wool into Red Cross garments. She did this in spare moments, and her grandma kept account. Second, she made a success of her poultry experiment. The official list specifies the hatching and rearing of one brood of chickens to an age of six months. Then third, she earned two War Stamps. Besides, she has cared for children in her home and in a neighbor's for a period of thirty hours, thus making it possible for adults to give their time to war work. So you see, Marilou, not only have you earned this service badge, but you have begun to win the blue ribbon for extra work!"

"Girls, let's sing a cheer to our modest Marilou!" Isobel was on her feet leading the enthusiastic girls, who responded—but not in a whisper.

"And to think I earned it with only odd jobs," Marilou said again when she showed her surprise treasure to her delighted but not astonished family later.

"My dear, there are many kinds of service necessary to winning this war," her mother told her tenderly. "True patriot-

ism shows itself in countless ways; and the patriot who is not ashamed or too proud to serve in little ways is as worthy of honor as the ones who are intrusted with great things."

I Wonder if the Lion Knows.

BY ANNETTE WYNNE.

I WONDER if the lion knows
That people are afraid
To meet him when for walks he goes
Beneath the jungle shade;
And when they scream and run away,
Oh, does he laugh at their dismay?
And does he say, with head tossed high,
"How 'terribully' fierce am I?"

I'd like to know
If this is so;
But if I met a lion some day
I would not ask—I'd run away;
For surely it is not a treat
To meet a lion on the street!

The Story of a Box of Candy.

BY MATHILDE BILBO.

FLUFFY-RUFF wasn't so happy as I am sure *you* would have been if three little friends were coming to spend the afternoon with you, and if you had a nice red box of candy for your very own.

Of course her real, family-Bible name was Ruth Emily, but everybody still called her Fluffy-Ruff, although she was a month over five years old!

Maybe it was because her hair was so yellow and fluffy; or maybe it was because so many of her dresses had ruffles.

That morning Fluffy-Ruff's mamma had said:

"How nice it is that you have the box of candy Uncle Jack brought you last night! Now you can have a nice little party when Joe and Maizie and Lovey come."

Fluffy-Ruff wasn't so sure about it.

"Nice party indeed!" she said to herself. Joe and Maizie and Lovey would eat every single bit of her candy—especially Joe! (Maybe she was right. You know yourself how boys are.)

Fluffy-Ruff went into a corner behind the big leather chair, and opened her box of candy just to see how many pieces there were. One—two—three—four—five—six—and more, and more! Fluffy-Ruff wasn't a very good counter. She usually stopped at six. But anyhow there were two pieces of pink, two coconut balls, three pieces like little slices of orange, and—one—two—three—oh, just *lots* of chocolate drops!

Fluffy-Ruff gazed at her candy. There wasn't so *very* much, after all. Joe would be sure to take a pink piece and an orange piece the very first thing. Then if Maizie and Lovey did the same thing, why, *she* wouldn't get any pink piece or orange piece at all!

Fluffy-Ruff thought she'd better eat a pink piece and an orange piece right then, to make sure of them.

She did so.

It was *per-fect-ly dee-li-cious!*

She knew the coconut balls were just as good—and there were only two.

"If I don't eat one now, I'll *never* get

it!" said Fluffy-Ruff to herself. And she ate one.

There was only one pink piece now, and one cocoanut ball.

"Joe will grab them the first thing," said Fluffy-Ruff with a sigh. "And then Maizie and Lovey won't have any! And that would be a *perfect shame!* I better eat those pieces myself; then there won't be any trouble about it."

So she ate the other pink piece and the other cocoanut ball.

There was now just the chocolate left—and the two orange pieces. Fluffy-Ruff thought it over carefully. Lovey would want one of those orange pieces of *course*,—she was only four, and such a baby! She cried for things. Then Maizie would want a piece,—and Joe wouldn't have any! Fluffy-Ruff hated to treat Joe that way, even if he *was* greedy.

"I better just get rid of *all* the fancy pieces and be done with it," said Fluffy-Ruff to herself. So she ate the other two orange pieces. "They are not so *very good* after all, so Joe and Maizie and Lovey won't miss anything," thought Fluffy-Ruff.

She now put away the box and went out to play with Fido, her wool doggie, and her dollie Eva-leen-a. She played and played and played—and after a while she thought of the chocolates.

"I b'leeve I'll go and count 'em," said Fluffy-Ruff to Fido. So she left Fido and Eva-leen-a under the rose-arbor, and she went back to the corner and peeped into the candy-box. Little fat brown balls—one—two—three—four—five—six—and more.

"*Lots and lots of chocolates!*" thought Fluffy-Ruff. "Maybe I better eat two or three, and then I can count 'em better." So she ate two or three; and then she counted them again.

And then she ate two or three more—and counted them *again*.

One—two—three—four—five—six—just *exactly* six!

Fluffy-Ruff portioned them off—one in each corner of the box.

"One for Joe—one for Maizie—one for Lovey—one for me—and two over! What in the world will I do with those two?—I 'spect I better eat 'em, 'cause if I don't, Joe will get more than his share—he is so piggy!"

So she ate the two over, and somehow they didn't taste good at all.

Fluffy-Ruff didn't feel real good, either. She laid the box away in the corner, and then she curled herself up in the big leather chair and sighed deeply. She sighed about six times, and every time instead of feeling better she felt worse.

Candy wasn't such a great thing after all, and if any of them wanted her piece in the box they could just have it! Downstairs the gong sounded for lunch. Fluffy-Ruff didn't want any lunch. She didn't know just what she wanted, but she had an awful feeling about her, and—yes, she *did* want something—she wanted her mamma! She began to cry, good and loud. Her mamma ran upstairs to see what *could* be the matter with her little girl! And

she found Fluffy-Ruff lying flat on the floor with the most awful pain in her tummy that you *ever heard of!*

Oh, she was *sick!*—so sick the doctor had to come; and her mamma had to telephone Joe and Maizie and Lovey's mamma not to send them. And Fluffy-Ruff had to be put to bed and given—I hate to tell it—castor oil!

The next day Fluffy-Ruff was feeling a little bit better, and her mamma told her that only *very greedy* little girls ate a whole box of candy to keep other people from having any, and she told her something else too: Joe and Maizie and Lovey had a box of candy, and they had *saved* it to bring when they came to see Fluffy-Ruff! Fluffy-Ruff then felt another pain—but it wasn't in her tummy. It was in her *conscience!*



ONE OF THE SANDSTONE MONUMENTS IN GUATEMALA.

So she told her mamma a secret,—and the secret was this: When her Uncle Jack gave her another box of candy she wasn't going to eat a single piece,—she was going to give *every bit* of it to Joe and Maizie and Lovey!

Unearthing Ancient Cities

Uncle Jim takes his Youthful Audience on a Trip to Guatemala.

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

"I HAVE taken you with me recently on my travel talks to some places in the Orient and again to places in the great Southwest of our own country," remarked Uncle Jim by way of introduction the other evening as the boys and girls began to gather about, "but this time I am going to tell you about a trip I took with one of the greatest archeologists of to-day."

"That's a pretty long word you just used, Uncle Jim," pleaded Tim, one of the youngest of the group. "Does it have anything to do with an ark, such as Noah used?"

"No," laughed Uncle Jim, "but an archeologist is a man who studies about the people of many, many centuries ago, and those ancient people may have lived long enough back in history to have left no written story of their own times. They may have dated back to even the time of Noah himself, so hard is it to tell just when they walked the earth.

"It was while I was still at college, several years ago," he continued, "that the opportunity came to me, together with five or six other men who were interested in travel and study, to accompany Dr. Edgar L. Hewett of the Archeological Institute of America on one of his trips of exploration to the republic of Guatemala."

"I know where that is," volunteered Jack, "for we had it in our geography at school this week. Guatemala is one of the republics of Central America."

"Quite right, my boy," said Uncle Jim, encouragingly. "If you will look it up on your maps you will see that it has a water frontage on both the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Honduras, an arm of the Caribbean Sea, and it was from the latter coast that we started for the interior, where we were to look up some ancient, abandoned cities, of which but little had been written. It is true that United States Minister John L. Stevens, many years ago, had told something about these cities and some Englishman had issued some costly plates illustrating some of the monuments, but our party was practically the first to go to Guatemala with the real purpose of studying.

"The first thing we had to do was to get the consent of the government of that republic to do our work—a concession, as it is called. We were fortunate in not having to pay anything for it, too, for most of the Latin republics, as the Central and South American countries are known, have had the reputation of charging very dearly for anything which men from the United States might want.

"Our party, as I have stated, was a small one, and we had to engage the native Indians as laborers. These same men had been working before we went there for a peso a day and boarded themselves. Now a peso, in actual value at that time, was worth only about seven and a half cents in our money. Dr. Hewett offered a better wage than that and so got the services of a good group of men, but you would have laughed if you could have seen the way he had to bring money into camp for pay-day. He would send down to the nearest city and get the native money, and it would be brought back to camp, literally in bales, packed on either side of the burro, for it took so much to pay off the laborers.

"The ancient city upon which we devoted our labors is known as Quirigua, and it is estimated that it was built and occupied fully twenty centuries ago. Just what became of the people who lived in Quirigua



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47 LINDEN STREET,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Pittsfield. My father is the minister of it.

I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. I have saved *The Beacons* I got this year.

I am ten years old.
I belong to the Beacon Club already, but I thought I would write a letter.

Last Saturday I went skating; it is lots of fun.

There is no snow in Pittsfield except in spots. I wish it would snow, so I can go skiing and sliding. I guess it would spoil the ice, but I like skiing better than skating.

The name of my Sunday school teacher is Robert Colton. I like him very much.

I take music lessons. The name of my music teacher is Miss Holden.

Yours truly,

FOSTER DAVIS.

6 SOUTH STREET,
BRIGHTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I should like to join the Beacon Club and wear a button. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Woodbury. I am nine years old. I like *The Beacon* every Sunday. I have a button from the Sunday school.

Yours truly,

GEO. L. HANNA, JR.

34 SWAN PLACE,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Universalist Sunday school in Arlington. My minister's name is Reverend Frank Lincoln Massee.

I am twelve years old. I go to the Junior High School and I am in the eighth grade.

I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy it very much.

My Sunday school teacher is Miss Yerrinton. I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear a button.

Wishing you a Happy New Year, I remain,

Yours truly,

GRACE BELYEA.

is still an unsolved question. Whether they died off completely from some tropical fever or were driven off by some other cause is unknown. But it is a fact that they must have had a civilization of high order, for their monuments bear the marks of sculptors of talent. They must have held in high veneration various animals, for the monuments bear representations of different types.

"When we reached the sites of the ruins we found a high growth of jungle, with tall trees and thickly interwoven vines and shrubbery. We had fairly to make our way through by ax and saw, but when we saw the great sandstone monuments, some of which are still standing amid the trees, we felt repaid for our long trip. One would be tempted to stand and gaze at the wonderful carving and think of the people, long gone from the face of the earth, who did the work.

"Our laborers, like most of the inhabitants of the warmer countries, have what is known in the Southwest as the *mañana* habit, or putting off until to-morrow what should be done to-day, and it was only the higher pay which we were giving them that kept them at work at all. We found sixteen of the great monuments in all, and made casts of eight of them, leaving every one of them in just the position in which we found them, except that we cleared away the underbrush and moss so that we might do our work of reproducing them.

"The casts were made at night-time, to get the benefit of the cooler air, for we used a glue for making the forms, as we found it followed more truly every detail of the object we desired to copy. We would finish making the forms about three in the morning, and then would pour the material for the casts. These cast copies of the great monuments, exactly true in every detail, even to the immense size of some of them, are now to be seen in the San Diego Museum, which is an outgrowth of the great Panama California Exposition of 1915 and 1916. Some of you may some day visit

that city in the Southwest and there see the results of our work in Guatemala.

"There is something of a similarity in the way the ancient people of Quirigua and those of ancient Egypt left their great monuments. Both peoples, too, used sign languages in inscribing them, which are known as hieroglyphics, and travelers in the Central American countries also find a form of pyramid, quite similar to those in Egypt, but Dr. Hewett assured me that it does not follow that the people of ancient Guatemala came from Egypt.

"The work of exploring these old cities of a people that have completely disappeared—for the present Indian races of that section of the world show no traces of that earlier civilization—is practically in its beginning, and the boys of to-day will be the explorers of the future, and it may be that through them the mystery may be solved as to the origin of the people of Quirigua and of what became of them. When they do find this out I hope to be with you at the celebration," concluded Uncle Jim.

A shipping merchant said to a boy applying for work, "What can you do?" "I can do my best to do what you are kind enough to let me try," replied the boy. "What have you done?" "I have sawed and split my mother's wood for nearly two years." "What have you not done?" "Well, sir," the boy replied, after a moment's reflection, "I have not whispered in school for over a year." "That is enough," said the merchant, "I will take you aboard my vessel, and I hope some day to see you her captain. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must have good stuff in him."

Character Lessons in American Biography.

For as the thing you are in this world stamps itself in time upon your face, so will the things you do stamp themselves forever on your soul.—*Granville Barker.*

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXV.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 13, 14, 16, 15, 12, is the time of a king's rule.

My 4, 5, 3, 8, 9, is a part of the body.
My 1, 19, 11, 4, 5, 3, 20, is one who instructs.
My 6, 7, 4, 2, is possessed of much property.
My 11, 15, 11, 18, 14, is a precious stone.
My 17, 9, 10, 6, is to keep in motion.
My whole is the name of a Unitarian paper.

J. W. M.

ENIGMA XXXVI.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 12, 14, 8, 19, 5, grows on trees.
My 4, 3, 18, is uncooked.
My 11, 10, 17, is a boy's name.
My 20, 23, 15, 9, is not fat.
My 6, 2, 16, 22, 23, 25, 4, is a Scotch plant.
My 21, 13, 10, 1, is part of a horse.
My 1, 7, 24, is an enemy.
My 1, 7, 13, 22, we walk upon.
My 17, 15, 9, 2, is where coal is procured.
My whole is found in the Bible.

The Myrtle.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Up in the air.
2. A thought.
3. Part of a bicycle.
4. To injure.

FRANCES SMYTHE.

BEHEADED WORDS.

1. I am part of a bicycle. Behead me and I am part of the head.
2. I am to melt. Behead me and I am to handle.
3. I am to destroy. Behead me and I am a vase.
4. I am a weapon. Behead me and I am a single part of speech.
5. I am above you at night. Behead me and I am a sticky substance.

F. S.

GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARES.

One of the United States, a narrative, a girl's name, principal or chief.

One of the United States, unfastened, a narrow strip of leather in a shoe, small insects.

One of the United States, a round, metal band, a small item, a precious stone.

Exchange.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

ENIGMA XXXI.—Buy Government War Savings Stamps.

ENIGMA XXXII.—Benjamin Franklin.

CHESS-BOARD PUZZLE.—*Maple, oak, pine, birch, elm, willow, beech, cedar.*

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—Sixty-one.

A CHARADE.—Watchman.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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